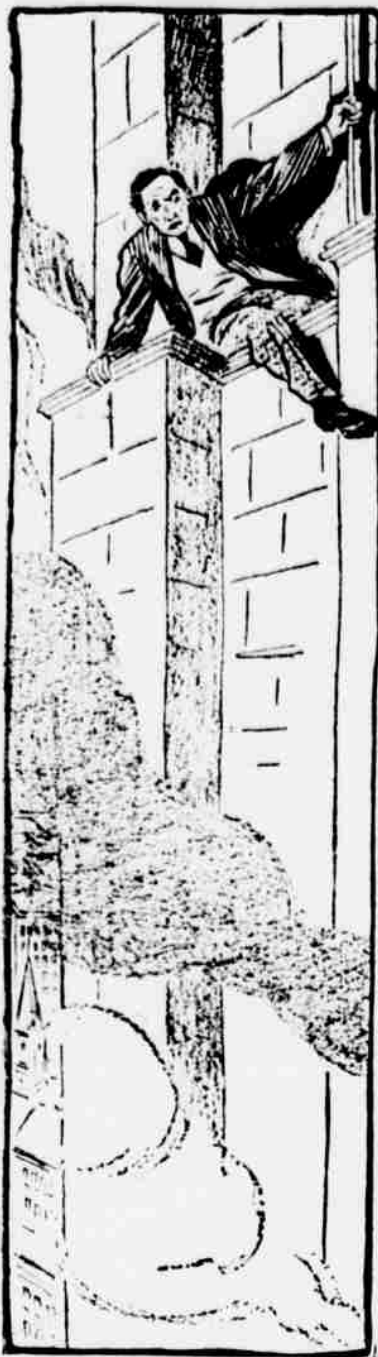


MAROONED 50 HOURS OF A SKYSCRAPER



New York—George L. Lamert, a clerk employed by a life insurance company in New York, was rescued from a perilous position, half-starved, almost dead from exposure, at midday on Broadway, in New York city.

With tens of thousands of persons within hearing of his voice, and with men working within ten feet of where he stood or sat, Lamert was 50 hours as isolated as if he stood on some ledge in the Himalayas. Nobody heard him or paid any attention to him. Thousands saw him and went their way without taking a second look. His cries for help brought only grins. And only by a chance he finally was saved from death by starvation or from a fall on the pavement, a hundred feet below him.

That such a thing could happen seems impossible—yet it did. Nor was it the heartlessness of New Yorkers that made the crowds pass unconcerned under a man who was facing a terrible death.

The story is one that for strange reasons exceeds anything ever dreamed by a writer of fiction. Lamert is employed in the auditing department of one of the life insurance companies quartered in one of the immense skyscrapers near the city hall in New York. The busiest street in America runs along one side of the building, and on the other side the ceaseless ebb and flow of money crazed men goes on. Nearby the spire of Trinity church rises, and just around the corner is the maelstrom of money and madness that is called the stock exchange.

Office on Tenth Floor.

The auditing department is on the tenth floor of the building, and Lamert, from his desk, could look down upon the struggling, seething masses of men during the stock exchange hours, and perhaps dream that the figures he was adding were dollars and that he was gambling with them in the market below.

He was at work checking up an intricate table at ten o'clock in the morning. The day had been unseasonably hot for the spring, and the windows were thrown open for the first time. There were perhaps 50 men and girls at work in the department, but they practically were isolated from each other by partitions, desks, cabinets and files. No one was paying any attention to Lamert. He was near the completion of his inspection of the table, when a gust of wind suddenly swept the paper on which he had been verifying the results and testing them according to the office rules, and blew it out of the window.

Lamert made a grab for the precious paper, which represented perhaps two hours' work, but it eluded him and fluttered over the sill. The wind caught it, lifted it as in a chimney, higher and higher, and then a current of air drove it downward and it fell easily on a ledge only a few

feet from the window, where it remained.

Crawled After Paper.

No one else saw this. Being young and light, Lamert decided at once that he would crawl out and get the paper. The ledge ran for eight feet straight along the wall, then there was a projection, perhaps 18 inches, around which Lamert supposed, was another window. The ledge was of stone and about ten inches wide, and, although over 100 feet from the ground, Lamert thought he could get the paper without trouble.

Instead of calling one of the other men to his assistance, he took the window pole used for opening and shutting the heavy windows, and reached for the paper, leaning out of the window and trying to draw it toward him. After several attempts he succeeded in poking it into the angle made by the projection eight feet away. In his anxiety to recover the paper he forgot caution and, hooking the window pole on the ledge of the floor above, he tested it to see if it would bear weight, and then started to walk along the ledge, steadying himself with the window pole hooked onto the upper ledge.

It was a foolhardy attempt, but he got along well until he came to the corner and had to stoop down to get the paper. To do this he was forced to kneel on the ledge, letting go his hold on the pole, which swung back perhaps a foot when he released it, and hung there.

In Awful Predicament.

Triumphant over recovering the paper, Lamert started to stand up—and discovered, to his horror, that any movement toward straightening up would overbalance him and throw him down into the street. Also he realized that the pole which had insured his balance was behind him. If he could get hold of that he could straighten up with safety. He tried reaching upward with his left hand, but could not reach.

For ten minutes, he says, he knelt there on the ledge, dizzy with fright, and was forced to shut his eyes and hang on with both hands to the ledge to overcome his desire to throw himself into the street. Finally, made cooler by the desperate nature of his position, he began to think.

He remembered that there was another window just beyond the ledge. He could crawl forward, even if he did not dare go back along the ledge. He steadied himself across the angle of the ledges and felt around the projection. To his delight it was only about a foot wide, and on the other side he found a handhold—a small iron pipe.

His hand clenched around the pipe gave him renewed courage, and, although dripping wet from the nervous horror of the situation, he clung to it while, with infinite effort and caution, he edged his way, inch by inch, out until he stood on the ledge a foot wide, sheer over the street. With a sudden movement he got both hands gripped on to the pipe and swung his body around to the other side of the projection, and sat down on the ledge, gripping the pipe tight with both hands and almost exhausted by his efforts.

Seemed Like Death Trap.

The full horror of the situation did not dawn on him for perhaps a minute. He says he thought he was within a few feet of a window. Then, after recovering a bit from his exertions, he suddenly realized that, instead of rounding a projection and arriving at a window, he had rounded one projection and sat in a space three feet wide between two such projections. It was as if he were on a shelf in a chimney which had one side open.

Lamert says it was half an hour before he was conscious again. He sat as if dazed, his feet braced across on the opposite ledge, his hands clenched around the little pipe, paralyzed by horror.

His nerve had failed him completely. He fully expected to fall and be dashed to death. Later he commenced calling for help. Twice he made efforts to crawl around the projection, but his strength and nerve both had failed him and he sat numb with terror and despair, except that at times he broke into frantic crying for help.

In the office nobody noticed that Lamert was not at his desk for perhaps an hour. Then they supposed he had been called into some other department, and no attention was paid to his absence. After hours the janitor found his locker unlocked and his desk piled with work and straightened things up.

Discharged for Being Absent.

The next morning his absence was noticed, the fact of his disappearance the previous day was recalled, the janitor gave his testimony, some of his fellows were puzzled, and he was marked discharged for absence without reason or excuse.

Night came on and the chill crept

up from the bay and numbed Lamert. He still clung to his giddy perch and at intervals shouted for help. Several patrolmen and night watchmen heard his cries, but faintly, and, as they could not locate the sounds, they gave up the search. Day-break brought fresh hope to Lamert. Hunger, he says, revived him and spurred him on to fresh attempts to escape.

His first thought was to slide down the pipe, but he found that it ended four stories below, apparently in a hole in the wall its own size. He discovered, too, that it carried telephone wires to the upper stories. During the morning he decided to call for help every half hour, and took out his watch for that purpose. Also he found that he could see two windows of a building across the street, apparently windows to washrooms, from the irregularity. He could not see any of the windows.

Vain Effort to Escape.

He was not afraid of the height that day, and lost his giddiness when looking down. About noon he managed to stand up, and decided to try to get around the angle again and return to the office window. He crawled out until he could look around to where the window pole hung; then he grew afraid to let loose of the pipe and drew back into his safe harbor. He had come near falling in the effort and was weak from the experience.

Then a brilliant idea dawned upon him. He began pounding on the pipe with his penknife, but after an hour of this he desisted. During the morning, too, he had put out a signal of distress, flying his pocket handkerchief and waving at the people below. He spent the greater part of the afternoon writing notes on envelopes and papers from his pocket and trying to drop them into the street. Some were wafted blocks out of the way and some fell unnoticed.

He was so weak that he dared not attempt another climb around the ledge, even if he had possessed the courage.

Night found him disheartened and despairing. He was about ready to let loose and fall into the street. Apparently no one had seen his signal or found his notes. The night was raw and cold and a misty rain drenched him to the skin. He grew still, and his body was filled with pains. Many times he shifted from ledge to ledge, and once, by bracing his feet on one ledge and sitting on the other, with his hand around the pipe, he dozed off until a dream of falling awakened him.

Decides to Jump into Street.

Daylight came again—and with it hope. Lamert says that during the morning he declared he would end his misery by jumping—but that he was afraid he would alight on some one and kill him—so postponed the jump until night. The grim jest kept recurring all day. He laughed at the idea of waiting until others were safe before killing himself.

About four o'clock that afternoon Curtis Logan, an employee of a brokerage firm in the building across the street, went to the washroom and, while there, happened to glance out of the window.

He saw Lamert and stopped to look. "That fellow is a long time fixing that pipe," he thought. For on the preceding day Logan had seen Lamert, noticed his perilous position, thinking he was a daring workman repairing the pipe.

He watched this time for several minutes. Then he noticed the attitude of exhaustion and despair, and the handkerchief tied to the pipe.

Suddenly the thought struck him that the man could not get out of the crevasse in the side of the building. He watched a while longer, and then, hurrying to the elevator, descended, crossed the street, and went up to the life insurance company office, where he raised the alarm.

Rescued by Window Washer.

The employees of the auditing department were skeptical, but Logan insisted that a man was on the ledge. Then some one remembered Lamert and his odd disappearance. The window was thrown open and some one shouted Lamert's name. The result was a feeble cry for help.

After that there were things doing. Telephone messages summoned men from the nearest fire station. A rope was swung from the window by Lamert's desk across to the window beyond the projection and one of the window washers, with his belt hooked over the rope, slipped hurriedly along the ledge, around the projection, and in an instant reappeared supporting Lamert. Eager hands stretched forth and drew Lamert into the window—and in a dazed way he walked over to his desk, put the paper he had saved upon it, and toppled over in a dead faint.

New Tire Material.

For comfort perhaps the pneumatic tire can never be excelled, but its tendency to puncture has induced many attempts to find a satisfactory solid substance. Hard rubber is not sufficiently resilient, but a new compound, called elastos, has recently been tried in England, and the results are reported to be good. It consists of a mixture of glue, glycerine and chromic salts, dissolved together at a high temperature, and forced, while still liquid, into the inner tube of the tire. It is said to give about the same ease of motion as an air-inflated tire. The use of this substance increases the weight of a wheel from 20 to 40 pounds, according to the size, but an offset for this is claimed in the fact that extra tires need not be carried.

Youth's Companion.

It is said to give about the same ease of motion as an air-inflated tire. The use of this substance increases the weight of a wheel from 20 to 40 pounds, according to the size, but an offset for this is claimed in the fact that extra tires need not be carried.

ISRAEL ENSLAVED IN EGYPT

Sunday School Lesson for May 19, 1907
Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Exodus 1:1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses."—Psalm 107:13.

TIME.—According to Usher's chronology Jacob went down into Egypt about 1706 B. C., and the sojourn in Egypt was for 215 or 420 years from that time. For the length of captivity see Gen. 15:13, 14; Ex. 12:40; Kings 6:1; Gal. 3:17.

RULERS.—It is quite generally agreed by scholars that the Pharaoh of the oppression was Rameses II., and the Pharaoh of the Exodus his son, Menephtah I.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Chosen Family.—Vs. 1-5. "The first seven verses are introductory to the whole book. In accordance with the almost invariable custom of the writer, there is first a brief recapitulation of preceding events, and then a statement of the actual condition of affairs."—Joseph Parker.

V. 1. "These are the names." The 12 sons of Jacob only are given, the heads of the families or clans. "Every man and his household." "The household," according to the Hebrew idea, included not merely wife and children, but men-servants and maid-servants, dependents and retainers, even hirelings who might quit the service and go elsewhere when it pleased them."—Rawlinson. How numerous these households were can be surmised from the fact that Abraham could muster 318 armed men to rescue Lot (Gen. 14:14); Isaac was mightier than some of the neighboring kings (Gen. 26:16); Esau and Jacob had to separate because their followers were so numerous (Gen. 33:6, 7).

V. 5. "And all . . . were 70 souls." The list is given in Genesis 46, where two women are included, Dinah, Jacob's daughter, and Serah, a granddaughter. Perhaps, as Canon Cook suggests, these were named because they remained unmarried. Dean Payne Smith (Bampton Lectures) estimates that altogether, with their households and retainers, they numbered 3,000 souls. "That so large a body should be favorably received need not excite surprise."

The Reasons for Removal.—"There was need for Jacob's family being removed from Canaan, as some of them were becoming much tainted with the idolatry and pollution prevalent there. In Egypt, on the whole, life was purer. Then there was a risk of their amalgamating by marriage with the doomed Canaanites; but the Egyptians were so different a race that there was no such risk with them. To be among the Egyptians would also be a benefit to them in other ways, for they would learn much from a people so skilled in all the arts of life and so superior in civilization."—Blakie. Even the afflictions they were to suffer there were not the least of their gains from the stay in Egypt, as we shall see.

A Period of Prosperity.—Vs. 6, 7. It was a wise providence of God that introduced the period of bondage in Egypt with a period of liberty and prosperity; otherwise, the Hebrews would not have remained in Egypt after the end of the famine.

A Period of Adversity.—Vs. 8-14. The period of prosperity through which the Israelites passed was from Jehovah; but so, no less certainly, was the period of adversity which followed as soon as they were strong enough to endure it. Both were parts of God's great process of development and training.

Rameses II. as a Builder.—"This king was the most enterprising builder of all the Pharaohs, and that means the sacrifice of tens of thousands of lives. He built temples and reared monoliths and colossal statues. His temples were approached through long avenues of sphinxes. Out of the solid rock at Ipsambul he hewed two spacious subterranean temples, and set up at their doors four human figures 30 feet high. Among his public works was a chain of fortifications along the entire northeastern frontier of Egypt, for 160 miles. By his command immense dikes were built on the lower Nile and in the Delta. Canals were dug and cities were built."—Prof. E. P. Humphrey.

The Climax of Cruelty.—Ex. 1:15-22. When Pharaoh found the Israelites flourishing even under this terrible oppression, he resorted to measures still more severe, ordering the destruction of their male infants as soon as they were born. The females would be harmless, and would prove valuable slaves. "A similar policy was pursued by the Lacedaemonians toward the helots, by Mithridates toward his Roman subjects, and by the Caliph, Hakem, toward the Egyptians."—F. Johnson. When the official midwives evaded the king's command, "by a refinement of cruelty to which the Herod of the future was not equal, he required parents to execute the sentence of death on their own children."—Humphrey. This was indeed the climax of affliction.

Practical Points.

"Prosperity is a great teacher," said Hazlitt; "adversity is a greater." Affliction was called by Mallet "the wholesome soil of virtue," in which patience, fortitude, and all the graces take root and flourish.

Affliction gives us sympathy for others in distress. "In the wounds our sufferings plow immortal Love sows sovereign seed."—Massary.

Affliction strengthens our moral fiber.

Affliction discloses the best that is in us.

Trials show us our weaknesses.

The VOGUE in MILLINERY



The array of millinery this season has been sufficient to tempt a Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, and it has been apparent to the most indifferent observer that there is considerable difference in the present fashions from those of the preceding year.

It must be frankly admitted that the mushroom shape reigns supreme. Made in fine shiny straw it obtains in every color, and the popular trimmings are the encirclement of the crown by an upstanding ruche of ribbon tied into a bow at one side; the covering of the crown with tulle, net, or lace gathered into beef-eater shape with the base bordered with a wreath of flowers; the surrounding of the crown by tulle of three colors with a group of flowers on either side or a group of wings.

An exception to these rules is a mushroom hat of white chip with a narrow band of black velvet on the brim, the crown trimmed with pale blue ribbon intersected with a band of coarse rush embroidered in pink roses. A very pretty idea this is, too, and quite new.

Some of the smartest of the season's styles are shown in our illustration. The leghorn hat in the center is an exquisite creation, both as to real, downright loveliness and as to price. The glorious fox-tail feather encircles the hat and then droops down full and free to the nape of the neck. There are two full-blown pink roses clustered at one side of the hat, while the brim shows the lining, which is so much in favor this season.

But what this hat possesses in the way of elegance the one above it to the right makes up in smartness of design and finish. It is of white or

colored chip, with the crown literally smothered under a wealth of white wisteria, while in front some roses cluster and the bandeau is veiled with a softness of tulle.

The three other hats are pretty and decidedly stylish, but not so expensive, giving one the liberty of choice at moderate outlay. The large chip hat in the upper left hand corner of the picture is wreathed around with blue hyacinths and tiny pink roses. The other chip hat in the lower right hand corner is another of the new smart shapes in rose pink chip, whose crown is covered with many loops of silken ribbon, while roses and their fresh green foliage are grouped together at one side. The last hat on the list is of burnt straw and trimmed simply with Saxe blue ribbon, pink roses and brown tulle, but which make a charming harmony of color.

As millinery accessories, colored lace veils are in demand. The most popular tones for these are mole grey, brown and blue. Blue of a dark peacock shade is a tint much sought after in straw and also observable on some of the latest triumphs in artificial horticulture. I confess I have little regard for the peacock blue popples, even when supplied with a crimson center, and I also admit the like obtains, and would seem to be sure of a welcome.

Besides the lace veils there are veils of plain net, trimmed with a narrow silken fringe, and veils of a graduated chenille spots, bordered with velvet, and veils edged with kidlings, these last having made their first bid for favor last year. Other veils show designs of chenille on the edge, and others again are plainly bound with satin ribbon.

WEIGHTIER MATTERS OF DRESS

If one is looking for a smart but simple costume the one here pictured will offer suggestion which will be easily carried out. In some of the new geranium pink shades with desirable contrast of color on revers and cuffs it would prove a costume of which any woman might feel proud.

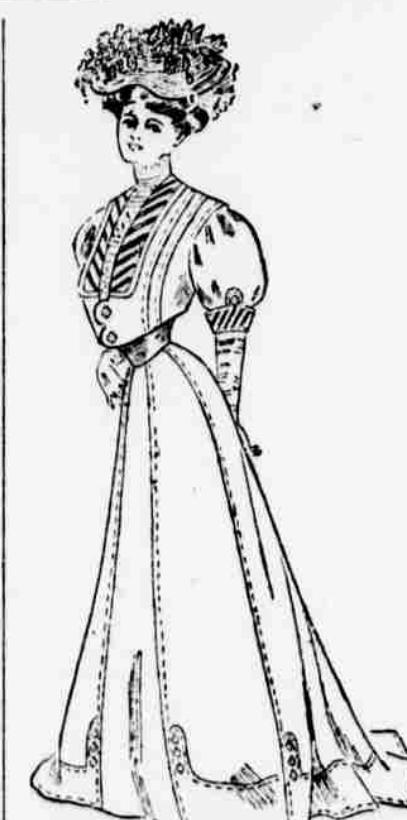
Pinafore bodices for grown-up women seem rather an absurd idea—doesn't it? And yet it is an idea which finds favor in the sight of very many.

On some of the new spring gowns one sees the genuine pinafore bodice and on others merely the shoulder straps which give a bodice a pinafore effect. One thing to be said in favor of this mode is that it is very practical; it comes to us at a moment when renovations are attracting a great deal of our attention, and it enables us to make a last year's bodice up-to-date at small expense.

My personal opinion is that the pinafore bodice is only suitable for quite young women and for girls; it has a cruel little way of making the woman of uncertain age look ridiculous.

Another fashion—one of the latest novelties—which is suitable only for young and slender women, is the short coat which just covers the waistline and which is distinctly shorter in front than at the back.

Amongst the prominent colors which are to have the favor of the authorities stand forth those many shades which have been known as "pickled cabbage," and include dull purple, soft pink, and a sombre tone of red. These may be seen in all the new cloths and in voile, the popular trimmings for them being lace to match, which, candidly, I don't like, while I regretfully realize that this will make no difference to its success in the world of dress. Other deco-



Smart Bolero Costume.

tions are embroideries of dull shades in different tones of silk, reminiscent of Bulgarian and Russian methods of embroidery, oxidized silver braid and silk braid to match in color, and buttons of diverse designs in enamel or metal. All alike are patronized. Also soft dull tones of blue are by no means absent from Fashion's scheme of color, which includes, too, various tones of yellow, buff, and deep blacuit.